

# Sofia

## the First



Written by  
Catherine  
Hapka

Illustrated by  
Grace  
Lee



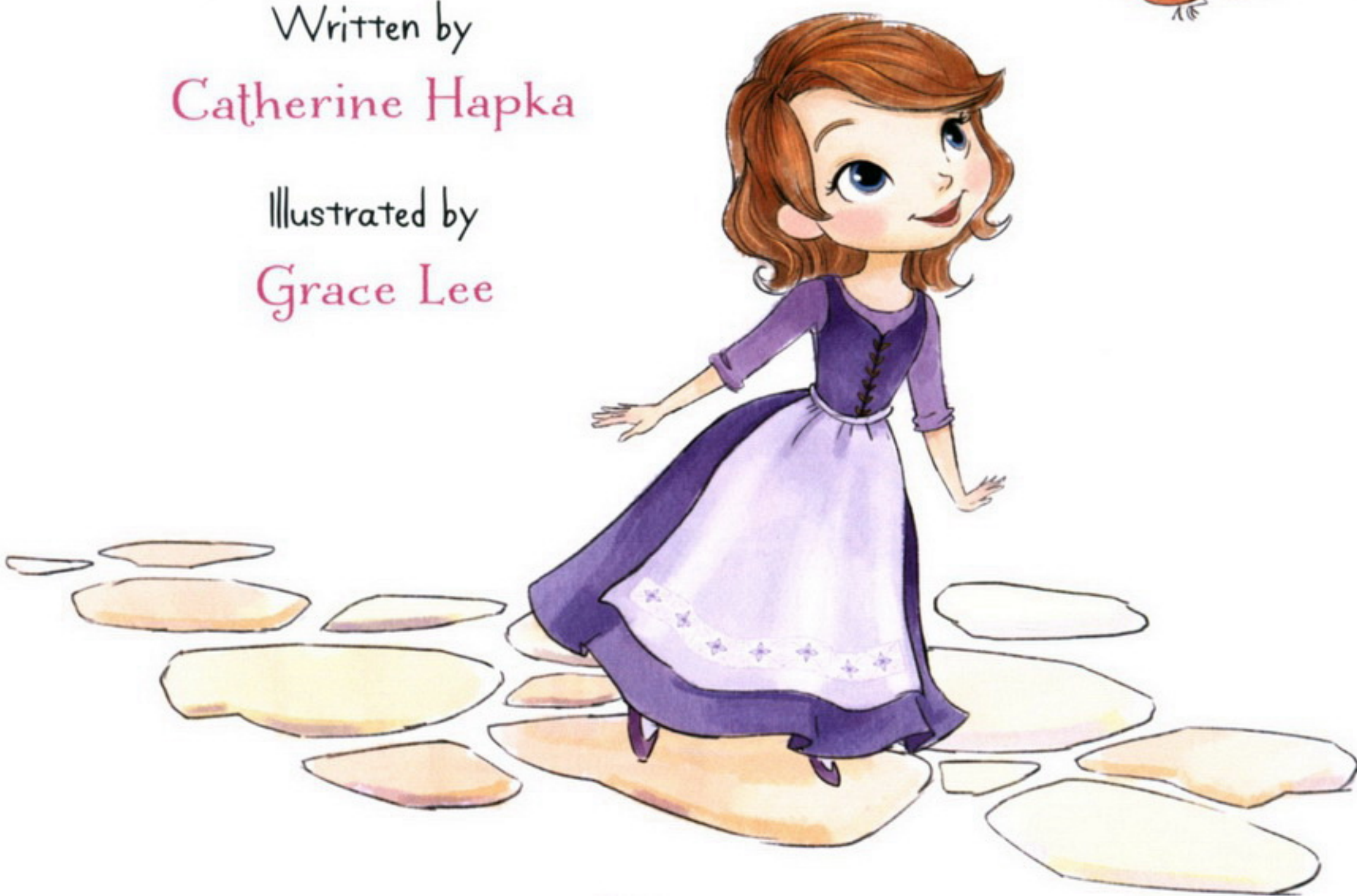
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My name is **Sofia**.

It used to be just me and my mom.

But then Mom married

King Roland. Now she's the  
queen of **Enchancia** . . .







and I'm a  
princess.





The trouble is, I don't really know anything  
about being a **princess**.



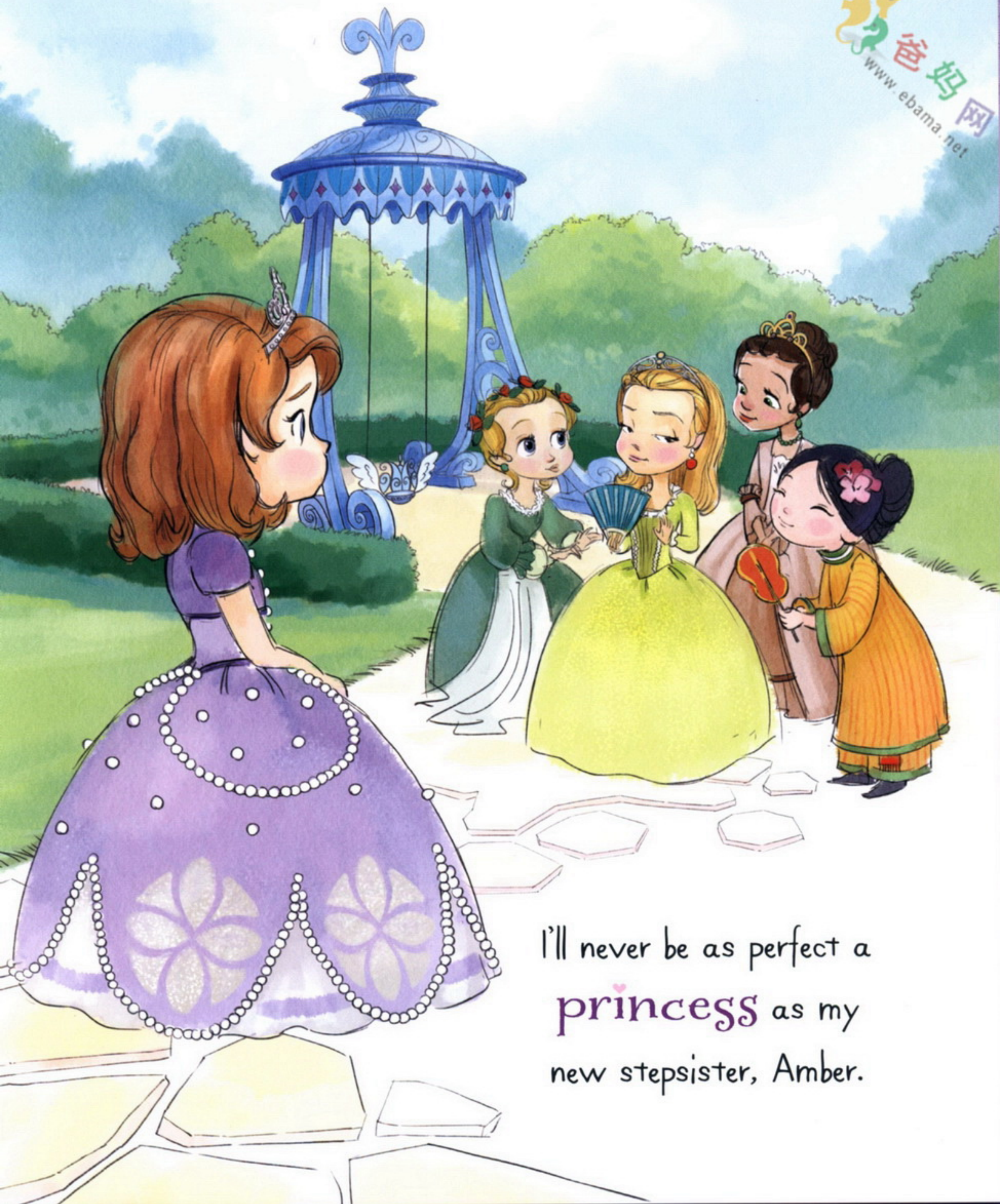
I never had to do a  
royal wave . . .

I'm not sure when  
to curtsy . . .



or even which fork  
to use at dinner.





I'll never be as perfect a  
**princess** as my  
new stepsister, Amber.





"Just be yourself and you'll be fine,"

Mom tells me.



I'm not sure that will work. How can I be myself  
and be a **princess**  
at the same time?





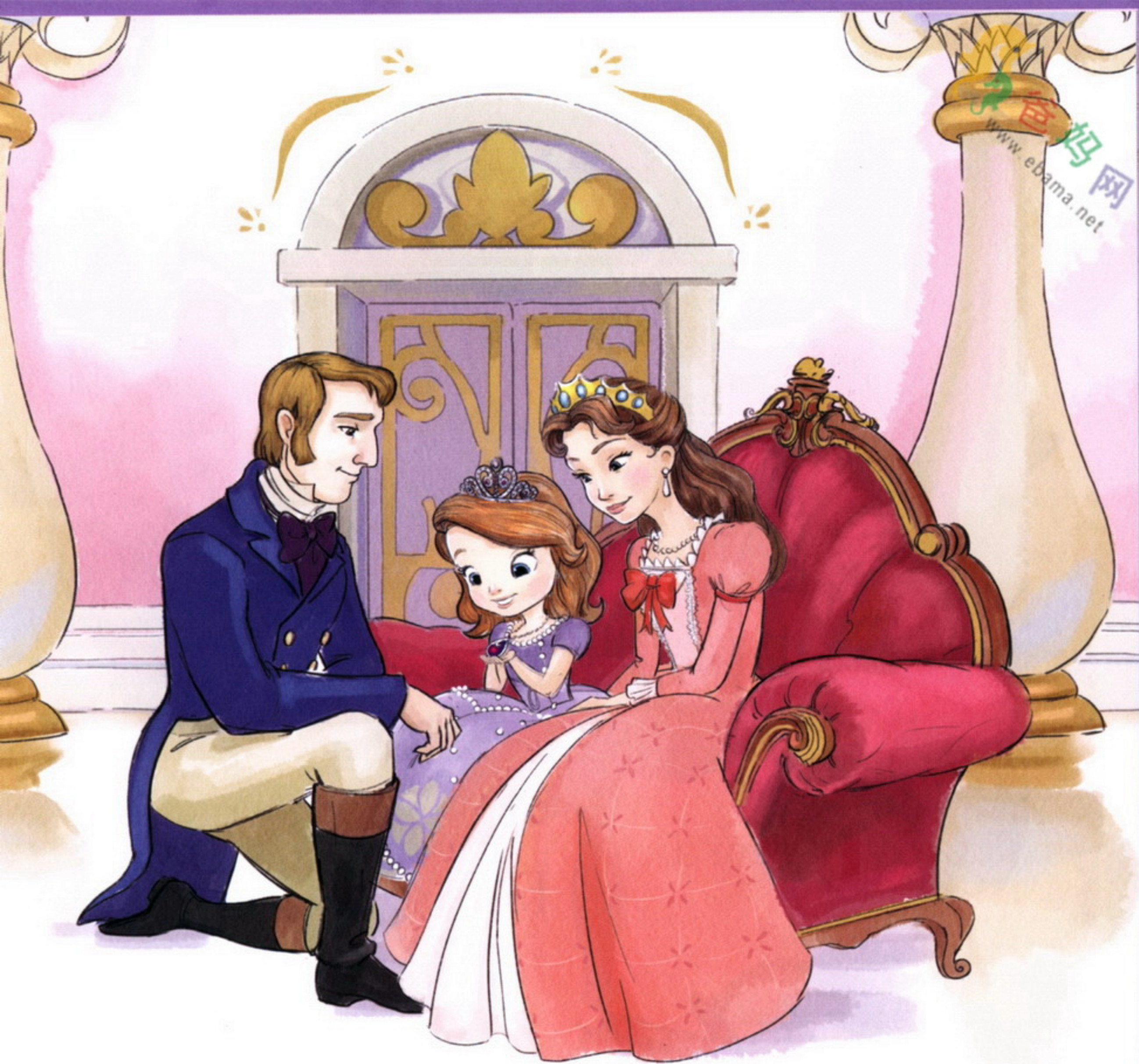
Then King Roland—um,  
I mean my new dad—tries to help.  
He gives me a beautiful necklace  
called the



## *Amulet of Avalor*

Dad says it's a welcome-to-the-family gift  
and that lots of **princesses** before me  
have worn it.





Then he tells me we're having a royal ball in my honor. He says we'll dance the first waltz together. That's another thing I don't know how to do—**dance!**



Maybe there will be a dance class  
at my new school,

## Royal Prep Academy.

The headmistresses are  
three fairies named



Flora,

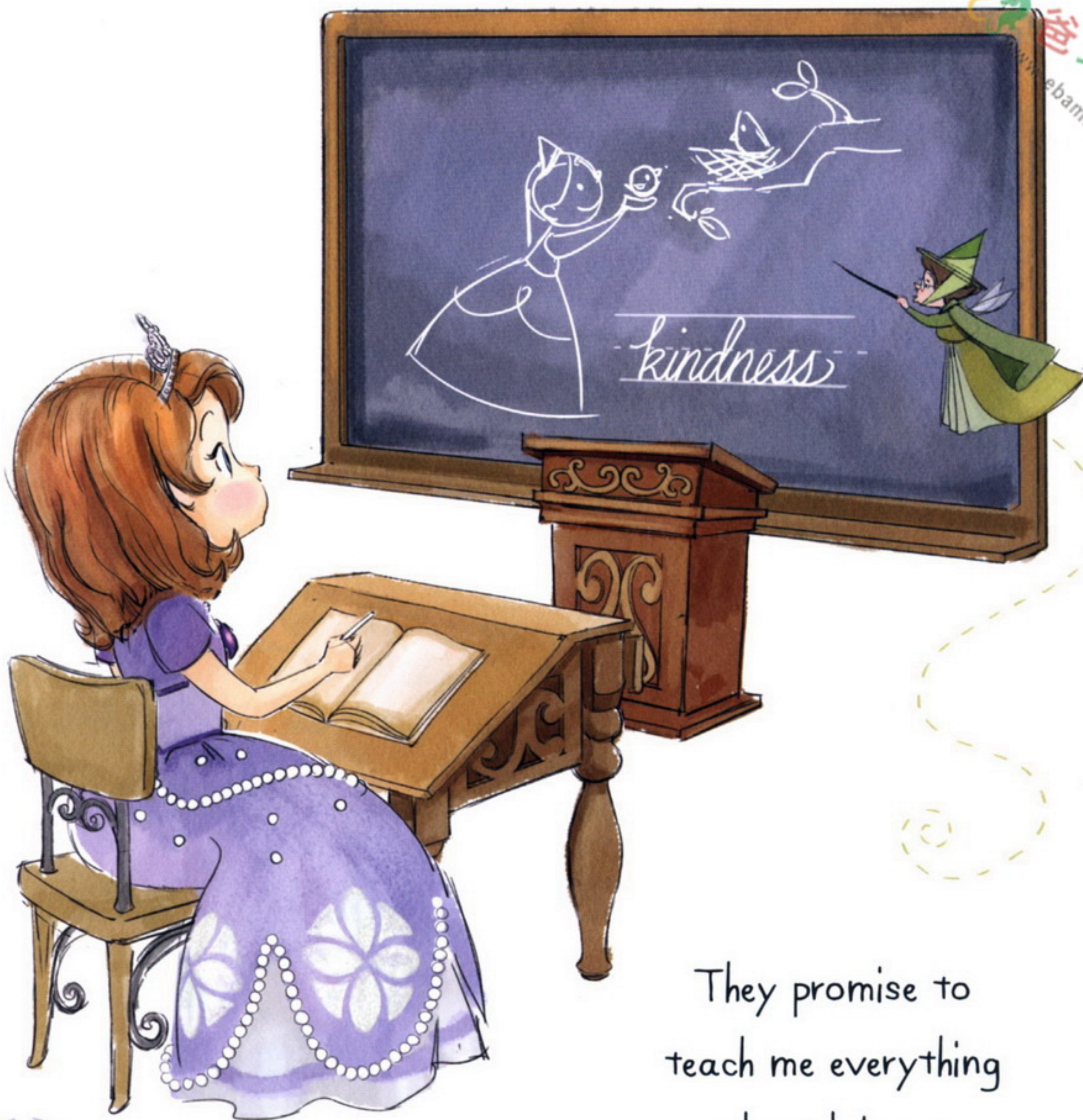


Fauna, and



Merryweather.





They promise to  
teach me everything  
about being a

princess.





Hooray! I do have a dance class! Amber lends me a pair of special shoes. I think she's starting to like me.







Oh, no!



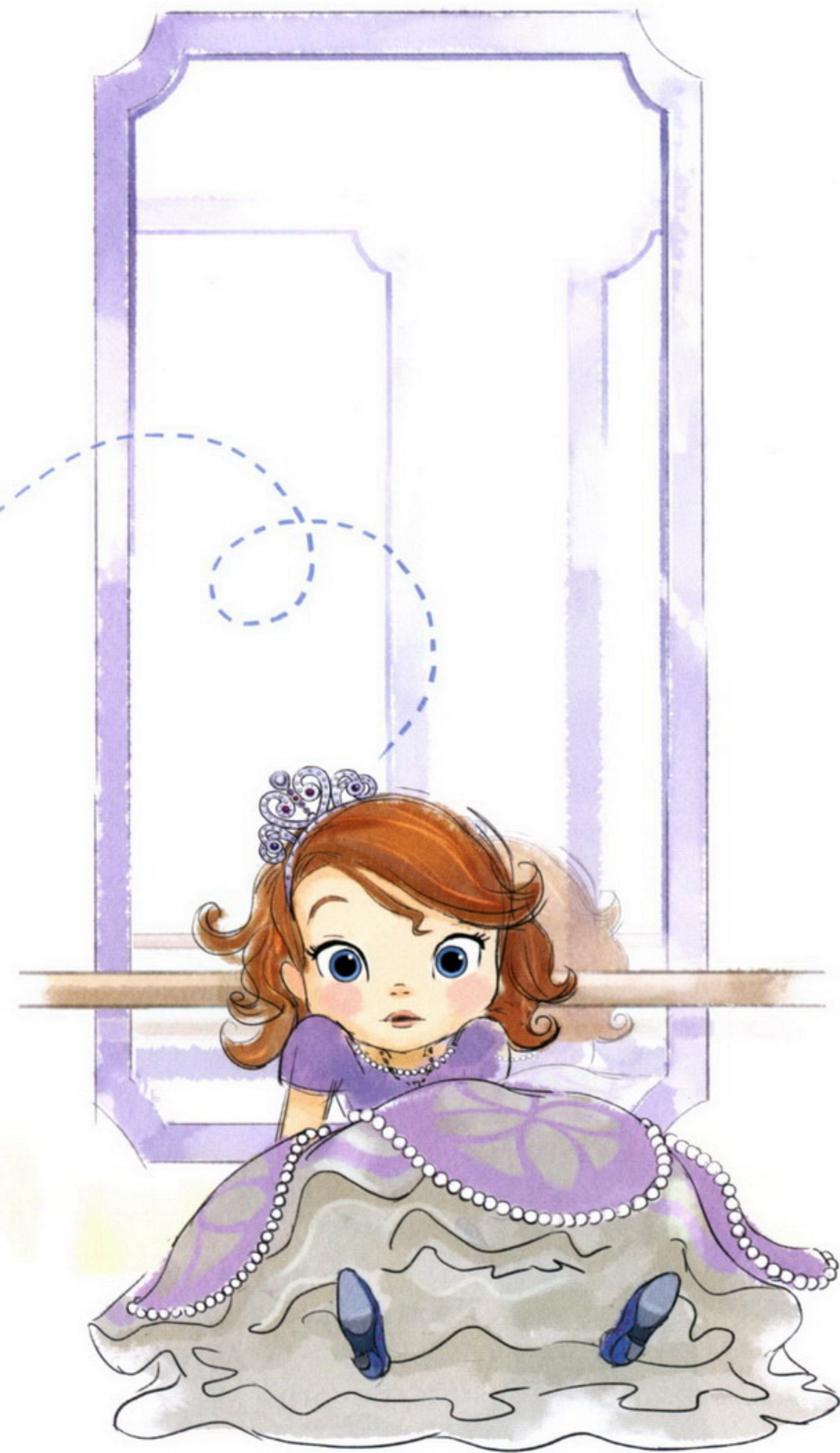
Amber tricked me!  
These shoes are under  
a **magic** spell.



The whole class laughs at me.



But even worse,  
I still don't know  
how to waltz,  
and  
the  
ball  
is  
tonight!





Then I remember Cedric,  
the sorcerer at the castle.

James, my stepbrother,  
says he has all sorts  
of **magic** spells.

I ask Cedric to help.  
He writes down some  
**magic** words. He  
says if I recite them  
at the ball, I'll be able  
to waltz like a real  
**princess**.





“All hail Princess Sofia!”

says Baileywick as  
I enter the ballroom.



“Shall we dance?”  
the king says.



I recite Cedric's  
magic words.



Somnibus

But I don't start to dance.







# Populis Cella!

Instead, everyone at  
the ball falls asleep—  
even Cedric!







Oh, no!

What have I done? "Help!" I cry. ✨

Suddenly,

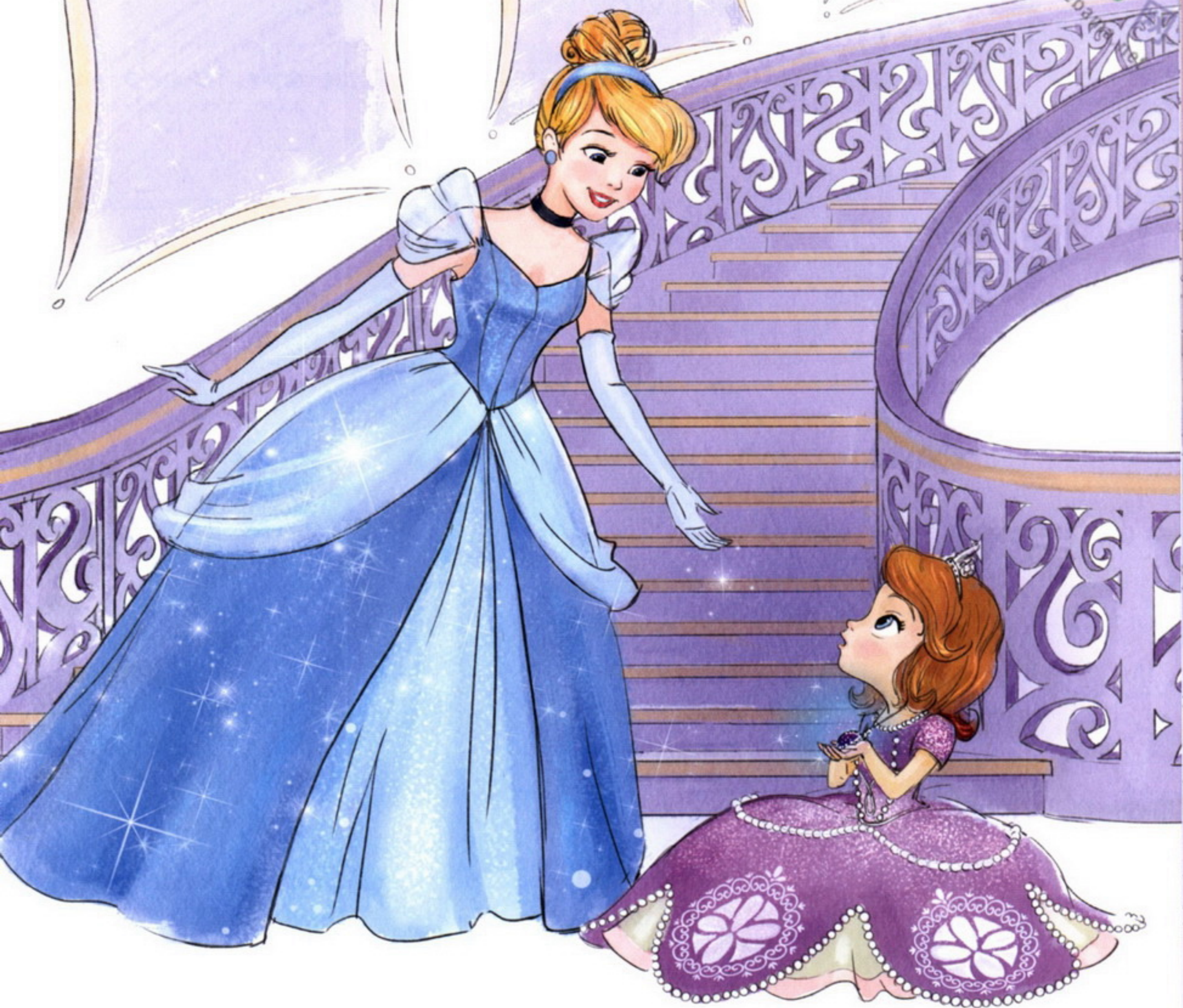
my amulet  
glows

and

✨ Cinderella appears!





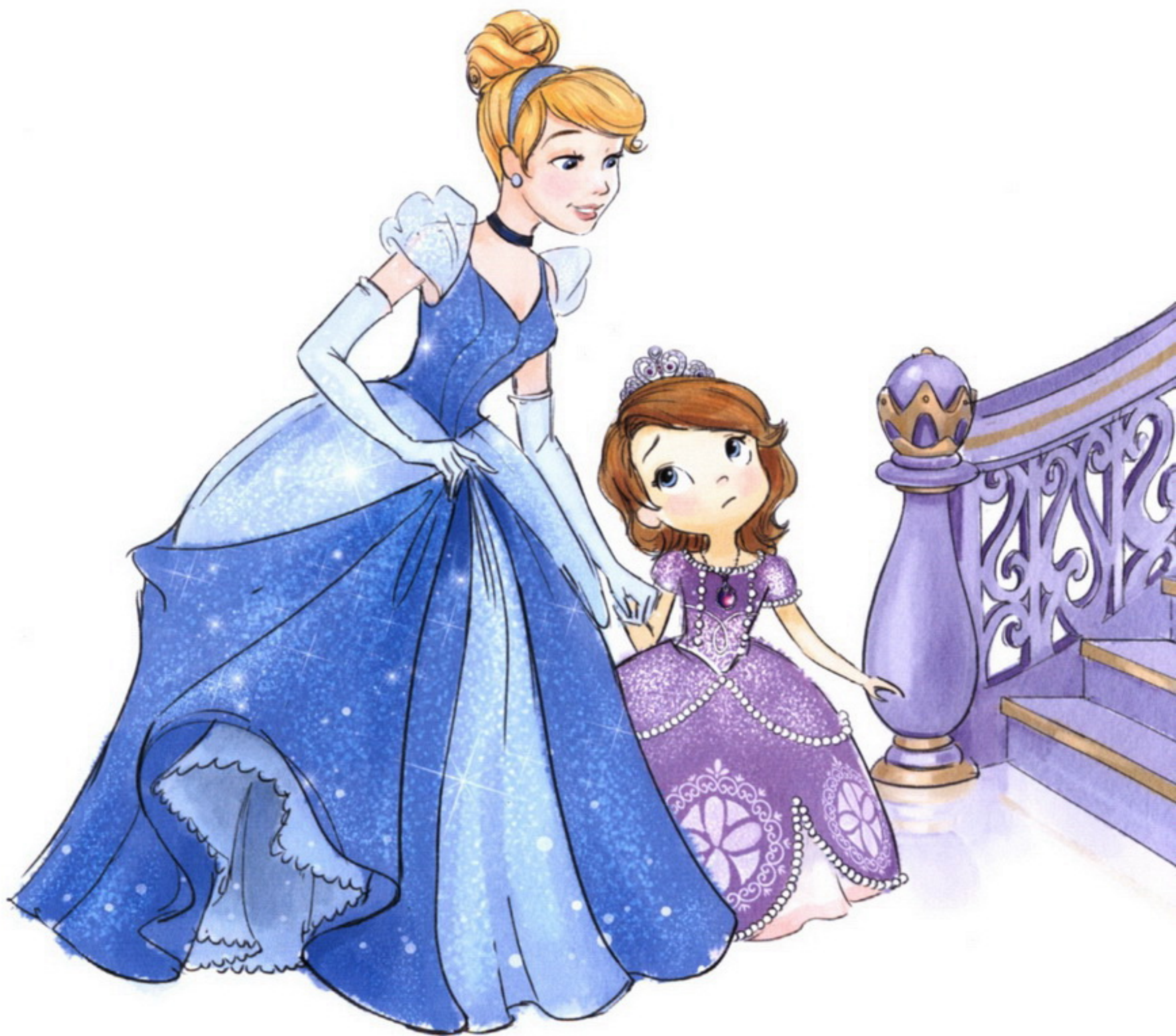


“Your amulet brought me here,” she tells me. “When a princess is in trouble, another will come to help.”



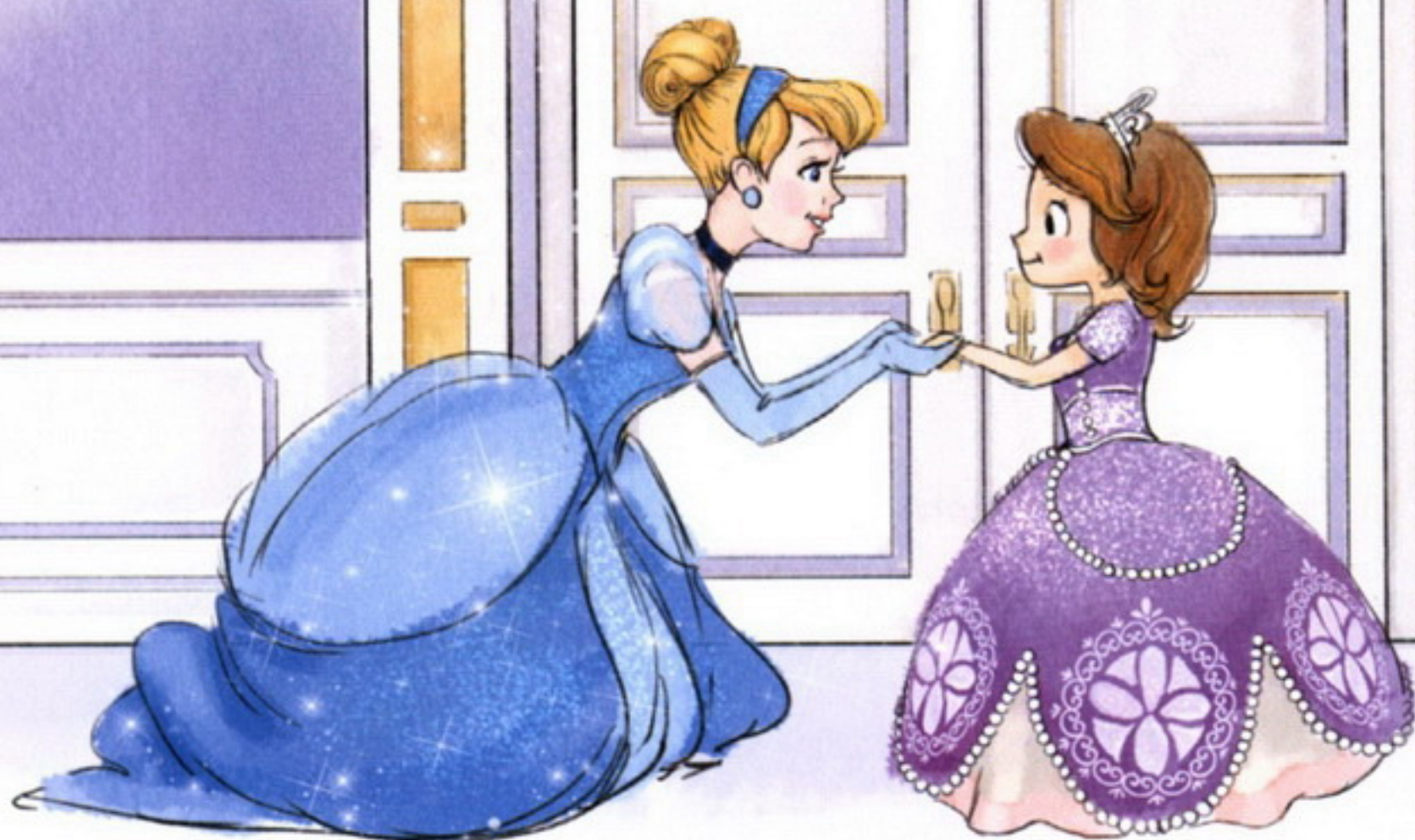
"Can you reverse the spell, Cinderella?"

"No, I can't, but your new sister might be able to help."



"But Amber's been so mean to me!" I say.





Cinderella knows what it's like to  
have mean stepsisters.

"I wish I had given my stepsisters  
a second chance," she says.

"Perhaps that's what Amber needs."

Then she disappears.





Amber is still in her room. She never made it to the ball. She finally tells me why she's been acting so mean.



"I was worried that everyone would like you more than me," she says sadly.





"No one could ever be as perfect a  
**princess** as you, Amber!"



I tell her about Cedric's  
**magic** spell. We search  
his workshop,



and find a spell that will  
wake everyone up.

We hurry to the ballroom.





"Wait," Amber says.

"I owe you a  
dance lesson."



Now I know we're true sisters—and  
**ever-after friends.**

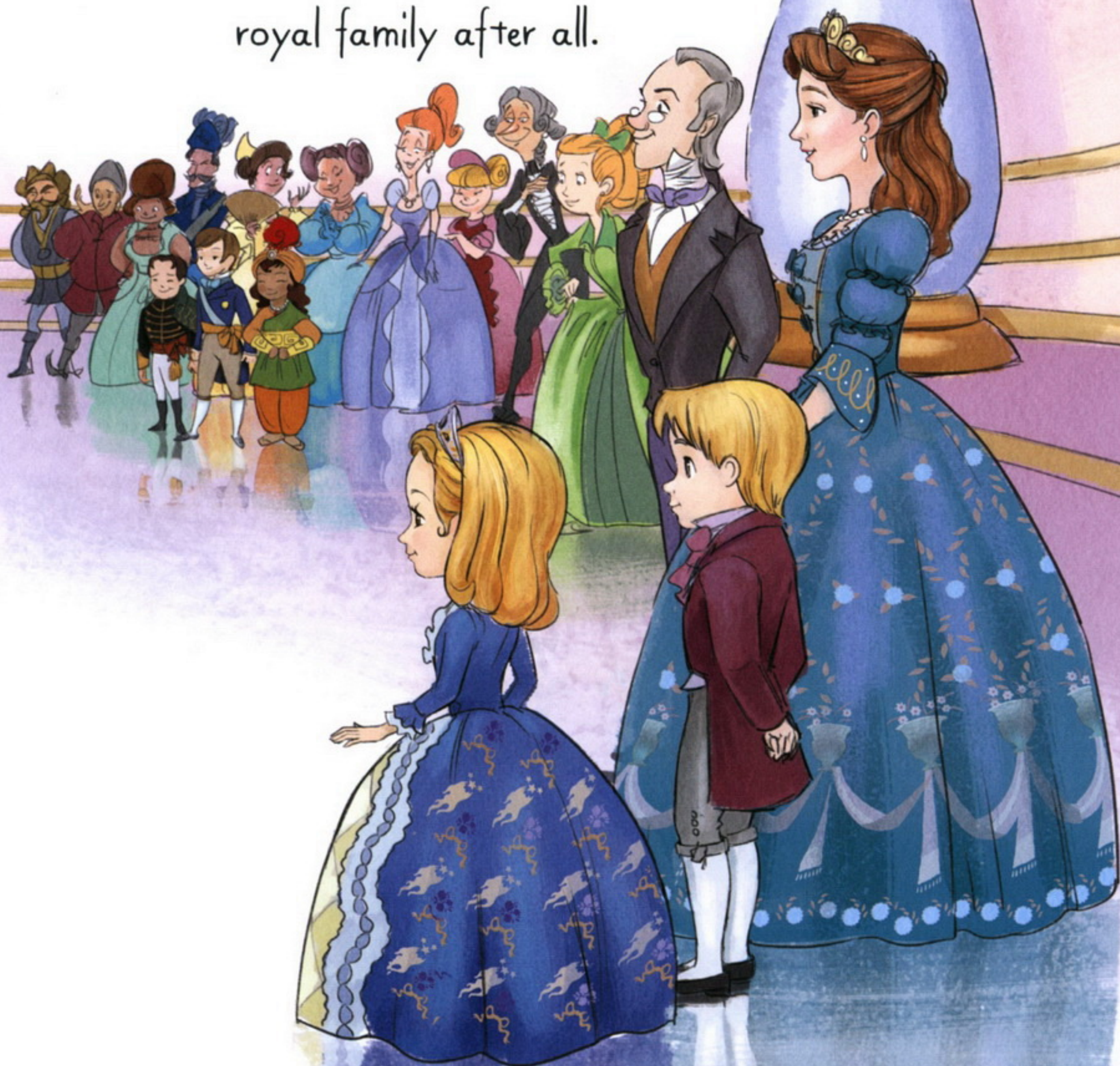




When I get to the ballroom, I say the  
**magic** words, and everyone wakes up.  
Then the king and I begin to waltz.



I look over at Amber and smile.  
I can't believe how happy I am!  
I think I'm going to fit into this  
royal family after all.





“Sofia,” my dad says, “I’m so proud of you.  
You dance wonderfully!”

“Thank you, Your Majesty—I mean, Dad.”

“You know, Sofia, being a princess is about  
having a good heart. And you’re going to make  
a great **princess**.”



“Dad, I’ve been wondering . . .  
why do they call you King Roland the Second?”  
“Because my father was also named Roland.”







“Well . . .” I say, “I guess that makes me

**Sofia the First!**”



And I am one **princess** who can't wait to see  
what happens tomorrow and all the days  
**happily ever after!**



The End







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